

# Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

## THE GREAT DISASTER AND ITS SEQUELS.

Any estimate, even approximately, of the losses sustained by the people of Kansas, of the damage in dollars entailed by the late floods would be an impossibility at this time. Two hundred miles of the Kaw valley, two hundred miles of fields, orchards, towns and villages, in being inundated have been ravaged by the relentless tide, born of the clouds, begrimed by dirt and laden with debris, that swept on to the sea. In addition to that valley there were the river valleys of the Blue, the Smoky Hill, the Saline, the Republican, the Neosho, the Cottonwood, the Marais des Cygnes and the Verdigris, all with stories of wastes, tragedies and devastation. Crops, live stock, homes and, in some instances, human life, were swept out and away. The Capital estimates the loss at Topeka and immediate vicinity at \$2,268,000. Of course this is but a guess. Proportionately the destruction of property in Lawrence, Salina, Abilene, Wamego, Manhattan, Ellsworth and a dozen other cities and towns was just as great, and from present writing that at Kansas City, Armourdale and about the mouth of the Kaw still greater. For a stretch of a hundred and fifty miles along the valley and in the towns of the Neosho the awful results seem proportionately the same. These totals running into the millions are applicable only to the immediate destruction of property, and without reference to the depreciation of values which must result, of the sickness and distress which must follow.

## CORRUPT MONEY FOR THE CHURCH.

At the late annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Long Island, Bishop Burgess in addressing the delegates said that "the church should refuse the large gifts that come from men whose moral lives have been notoriously corrupt, or from fortunes won by child labor, or by grinding the faces of the poor in the gloom of the mines or amid the clatter of the mills."

This broad and unqualified declaration has set the newspapers of the country to talking. Of course Carnegie, Rockefeller and the others, who have squeezed the people and made gifts to them, by turns, have come in for a good deal of attention. For one, we are not ready to join in the universal endorsement accorded the Long Island bishop. Lucrifer is "filthy," it is "trash," but our observation is that modern churches and up-to-date ministers will permit no congregation to escape unless rounded up with a plate or basket or hat. Whether it is a factory or school, gospel or print-shop, money has become the sine qua non—Christ's admonition to go preach without "scrip" to the contrary notwithstanding, money is the latter-day "rod and staff" of comfort. Why not hold that the ill-gotten gains referred to by the bishop, do not really belong to the face-grinders and fortune winners alluded to, that these are but holding it in trust, or as the robber retains his loot, and not only accept but demand a "divy" in the interest and for the behoof of humanity from whom it was wrenched? These fortune grabbers have not won honestly if they did legally. They plundered advantages of their own making. They ground and coerced with their oil monopolies and steel trusts and with cool brows. It should now be made their turn to sweat. Whence also comes the millions often piled up in a single day by Wall street manipulators? From the sweat of brows, of course, but not of the brows of the winners. Bishop Burgess may be right as a theologian, but it is doubtful if he is right morally, while certainly he is wrong logically.

## THAT POSTOFFICE INVESTIGATION.

From reading the tedious and long drawn out details of the scandals being unearthed and the crookedness disclosed in connection with the administration of the post-office department, by General Bristow, many readers no doubt have concluded that there has been much rottenness for a series of years. Such a conclusion is a mistake. The scandals for the most part are small offenses, and mere irregularities. If there has been any big steals, they have not come to light. Unwarranted allowances were made; that is, unwarranted in the sense that the law does not provide for them. The most of these allowances were for increasing the salaries of deserving clerks on the recommendation of the postmasters throughout the country for efficiency. The "gratifications" were on things which the postoffice had to have. The wrong was in giving favorites the inside for supplying them at prices which under bids properly advertised might have been lower. There has been blundering and irregularities which should not have occurred, as the evidence shows some of them committed by prominent officials of many years service, but no looting of the treasury for any great sums. The postal service is the most wonderful as it is the most economically administered of any department of the government. As the Cleveland Leader comprehensively suggests: "Even in these days of huge corporations the postoffice department is one of the biggest organizations of human industry and enterprise in the world. It has a great army of employees, most of them working in comparative isolation and much trusted, in the very nature of things. They cannot be watched constantly or completely. The patrons of the postal service are the whole American people. They include millions of women and children, unskilled in business, and millions of men dependent upon the honor and efficiency of those who serve the government for fair and proper attention to their needs. It would be impossible to imagine a vast business demanding more honesty and good sense from the scores of thousands of men and women who work under the postmaster general."

"Yet in transactions aggregating about \$150,000,000 a year, at the present rate, and in a service which calls for the handling of many billions of separate parcels, the wrongdoing of any kind is very rare and the errors are wonderfully few. Any one who compares the work of the postoffice department with that of other immense business concerns which have to deal with enormous numbers of patrons and handle myriads of packages must be impressed with the splendid showing made by the postal service of the United States."

"That is one of the proud facts of American public life. It is a credit to the country and a great object lesson of honesty, efficiency and fairness in the management of the people's affairs. In the vital point of just and equitable dealing with all classes and conditions, the postoffice department has made a record which must excite the admiration of every fair-minded American. It is never accused or suspected of handling mail more care-

fully or quickly for the rich and powerful than for the poor and lowly. It does not discriminate on political or social grounds. Always and everywhere, the principle of equality and good work for all is made the rule of the entire service. That is very high praise.

"The petty misconduct and small peculations, in form or fact, which are now being exhibited before the country are the merest specks upon the wonderfully good record of the great postal branch of the federal government. Viewed fairly and broadly, it is a very notable achievement of the American nation, a source of pride in history and a promise of good for the future."

## LONGEVITY OF MILLIONAIRES.

Not long since Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace remarked upon "the comparatively short lives of millionaires" in England. As everything that comes from his pen commands attention, this somewhat startling statement was at once accepted as based on the results of authentic statistics until, a few weeks ago, an English writer went back to the data. He finds that the phrase is not justified by recent statistics. During 1900 nine English "millionaires" died, leaving in the aggregate \$105,000,000. The average age for these nine testators was seventy-four, the youngest was fifty-nine and the oldest ninety-one years. During 1901 the deaths of eight millionaires were recorded whose joint estates were valued at \$52,500,000. In this case the average age was seventy-two; the youngest was fifty-three, the oldest ninety. In 1902 five millionaires died, and their average age was seventy-eight. Longevity, and not brevity, is a striking fact in the lives of very rich men. There is a good reason why this should be so. The wealthy—by their wealth—can and do secure the advantages of change of scene and climate, and command all the results of scientific progress, including the aid, skill and advice of the greatest of our doctors and surgeons. They, therefore, should live long; and as a matter of fact they do.

## GENERAL JOHN C. BATES.

Of General John C. Bates, now in command of the Department of Missouri, a writer in the Burr McIntosh Magazine says: "Five years ago this month, while endeavoring to do my humble duty as a 'war correspondent,' I went to Cuba on the 'Matteawan.' General John C. Bates was on board, in command of an independent brigade composed of the Twentieth and part of the Third infantries. The general reading public knows little of General Bates. The army does, and those who were in Cuba and the Philippines do. He has no ambition for newspaper praise, but his deeds in Cuba, in the Philippines, as the man who called upon the Sultan of Sulu and left him a pacified friend, tell what manner of a man he is. In this fifth anniversary month of our Cuban invasion it is fitting that some memories be recalled. Many are deserving, but none more so than Major General John C. Bates."

## WHEN A YOUNG MAN GRADUATES.

When a young man is graduated from college he reads an address, wherein he says that people must do wonderful things to attain success and climb high and rugged mountains. This is not the truth. The fact is, the road to success has been blazed so clearly that no one need go astray. Success is easier than failure. There are thousands of people to direct the young man. All the young need to do to win success is to follow a few simple and honest rules. It is the loafer, liar, the dishonest man, who travels a rough road and is wretched.—Atchison Globe.

## ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR BEARER.

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders, Sowed a seed of glory and duty That flowers and flames in height and beauty Like a crimson lily with a heart of gold. Today, when the wars of Ghent are old, And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color bearer— No matter on which side, Philip or Earl; Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl. Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer That day in the wildest work of the field. He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost; His comrades were slain or a scattered host. But stainless and scathless out of the strife He had carried his colors safer than life.

By the river's brink, without weapon or shield, He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun, As proudly as if the fight were won. And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade, Cut the silk from the gilded staff. Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made, And hurled at the leader with a laugh. Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love, He tied the colors his heart above. And plunged in his armor into the tide.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach? And what is the text of your proud commanders? Out of the centuries heroes reach With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story. Of one man's truth and of all man's glory. Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

The Ohio prohibition platform declares local option a failure. It might have gone on farther and declared that no other legislation for the regulation of whisky selling was ever a success, and with equal truthfulness. Prohibiting, permitted or regulated, all mean about the same thing.

Andrew Carnegie denies that he belongs to New York's 400. He specifies them as the Raw Pork set, playing at caste and aping European aristocracy, being all around ridiculous. The Scotch severity of the Lord of Skibo is not slow.

There is no politics in the postoffice department investigation. August W. Machen, ex-superintendent of the free delivery system, is a Democrat, Tyner a Republican and Beaver is simply an industrial and political grafter.

A Kansas girl ran her hat-pin into an old masher on a Fifth avenue stage in the city of New York last Saturday. She jabbed it nearly through his arm and he yelled for mercy.

As an educational center, Leavenworth threatens to lead off all the towns of the state. One hundred and forty-four is the number of her high school graduates for this year.

If Africa had been left to institute republics it might have become a second America. Two Jesuit students of Bulawayo were the first to win Cecil Rhodes' Oxford scholarships.

There are hundreds of thousands of acres of coal lands between Pawhuska and Tulsa, along Wichita's projected southeast line of railway.

Jones of Arkansas has decided that General Miles is not his first choice for president, so Miles is left supporting himself alone.

They say hoopskirts are coming into fashion again. If so, fellows will be found walking miles to watch hoop-skirted girls play golf.

If the goldbugs have really captured the Democratic party, will be Mr. Bryan going to hang out?

## MYSTERIOUS HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

The Van Tassels had just moved in and they were the least bit curious as to their neighbors. "I am not so certain we shall like this vicinity, after all," remarked Mrs. Van Tassel, at last. "There is something strange about the people next door. We have seen no one as yet, and I'd just like to know why there is a fifteen-foot board fence between the two yards. Suppose it should be a private asylum or something of the kind. We should have investigated before we moved in."

"Nonsense, dear," responded her husband carelessly. "There is nothing unusual about the house. Women have too suspicious. The high fence is probably intended to keep chickens from flying over or something of the kind. Don't worry unless you have some ground for it."

But Mrs. Van Tassel was not altogether satisfied with the assurance of her husband, and she decided to investigate at the first opportunity. The opportunity came unexpectedly. She was planting some seed near the high fence when some mysterious man came from the next yard. It was the unintelligible guttural of the infant learning to talk, only harsher. Mrs. Van Tassel dropped her packages of seed and ran back to her house. "O-o-o-g-a-z-a-o-o-b-a-b-b-a-o-o!" came over the fence even louder than before. Mrs. Van Tassel gathered up her things and ran for the door and up stairs, where her husband was waiting with his chin with latter preparatory to a shave.

"I knew it," she cried, excitedly. "They can't fool me!" "What has happened?" asked Mr. Van Tassel, tilting the mug until the latter streamed over the green matting. "Why, the house next door is an asylum. You can hear the lunatics. Henry, actually hear them. Oh, it is terrible!" "Nonsense, dear! It is all imagination, and imagination? Come with me and listen for yourself. You must come."

She fastened her fingers firmly in the sleeve of her husband's blue madras and led him down to the yard, the latter still dripping from his chin. "Don't you hear those terrible sounds?" she whispered. "Who would make them but my lunatic neighbor, Henry?" But although Henry was somewhat puzzled at the continual flow of incoherent sounds from the next yard, he was not going to jump to conclusions without investigating. Rolling an empty barrel up to the fence he climbed up and peered through a knot-hole some distance above. "Be careful, Henry," warned his excited half, "do be careful. Crazy people are dangerous, and—" "Kate," blurted Van Tassel, jumping down from the barrel, "you are a fool!" "Why, Henry?" "Yes, an idiot! There are no lunatics next door."

"But those sounds?" "It is the hired girl abusing the rag peddler. She is hanging out clothes and her mouth is full of clothes pins. Why couldn't you understand that at first? Here this confounded soap has dried on my face, and I've lost ten minutes all because of your foolishness. I wonder where all the sensible women were when I was single."

But Mrs. Van Tassel had retreated into the kitchen for a good cry.—Victor A. Herrmann, in N. Y. Herald.

## Having a Felon.

To have a felon is more than a passing subject, and no doubt it is a perfect outrage to incorporate it in the humorous sheet; but as some puns are painful as well as amusing, I may take the liberty to tell you what I know about a felon. One joyful friend said it was caused by pressing the shears tightly with which I cut, cleaved and hacked the coupons from an imaginary bond. I was summoned to own. But when I told him that a felon was no laughing matter he grew chummy and told me confidentially to put my thumb in a lemon and forget all about it. I did as he advised, and got up in the morning with more felon than ever. I've heard of the drawing quality of lemon peel added to a cocktail, but I never put my thumb into a whisky sour before. The lemon peel in a cocktail isn't in it. I heard there would be a robbery next door, a fire across the street, or that the sewer would explode, or any old thing transpire while I was wearing out the carpet doing a four-double-quick-step with my thumb inside that lemon. Before I reached the door the lemon looked innocent and gentle, but inside of twenty minutes it drew. It drew me out of bed and all over the house. And, as I said before, in the morning I had more felon than ever.

Next day a neighbor of mine—assessor to our ward I helped to elect, to my sorrow—told me how he suffered with a felon when he was studying economics and one thing and another in a big city. He said he didn't get two weeks' sleep, the pain of the felon was so great. He tried all the cases he knew of or heard of, and as a last resort his roommate went to a doctor and had his thumb cut off. He poked my ribs and kindly mentioned that the felon was like the bolt—better for the other fellow to have. His roommate had the felon.

While I had the felon I was called upon to help put up a stovepipe and was called various unseemly names because I broke away and let the pipes fall several times. A one-handed man can't do the laborious work of the god Gyges, who had one hundred arms. I only had one hand fit for the emergency of stovepipes and I had cold lunch for dinner.

Then an old lady called and said that the thin, white skin on the inside of an egg-shell, wrapped about the thumb, was a sure cure for felons. The pain would be great, but the felon would be done for. I tried it. Did you? I stood on my head. I crawled under the bed. I tipped over the couch and knocked down the looking glass, while I studied spasms of pain on the human phiz—my phiz. Never touched that felon.

A physician next day clipped off a corner of my thumb nail, took a two spot, and said:

"You've only got an incoming tonnell on your thumb."

And that's what I know about felons.—Horace Seymour Keller.

## The Way He Came.

Miss Peppery—She's quite superstitious. She thinks it unlucky to come out of a house by another door than the one she entered.

Miss Nurich—Papa's the same way. He always believes in going back the way he came.

Miss Peppery—Indeed? Then, when he went to Europe last year he really went in the steamer, eh?

## A Young Carnegie.

"Pa, I'll tell you what I do. I'll put up a monument about in the front yard and enter to the public needs if you'll agree to buy the lemons and sugar and subscribe \$10 a week for running expenses."

## Placing the Blame.

Caller—So, the doctor brought you a bill for the other night, eh? Tommy—Yes! I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway, I heard him tell me some time ago that if he didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble for him.

## A Boy's Travels.

Little Reggie—I went 'way around the world last year with my father. Little Jimmie—Last twelve? That's nothing. I've been around the sun twelve times now, and I'm on my thirteenth trip.

## Very Particular.

Dinah—My cousin Fred done ax me to go with him to do matrimony de next time I has a day off.

## Blackmail.

Caller—I've found that there dore that yer wife is adventur' five dollars reward for her.

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## OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Picnic season postponed indefinitely! All Oklahoma means to do justice to the Fourth of July this year. The Fort Sill Military reservation has been closed to fishermen. The fish are spawning.

Tulaga and Lenora are scrapping over a bridge; the said bridge not being in existence as yet.

Knee is the name of a doctor in Comanche county. He ought to coin that name in advertising.

Lawton wants a fifteen or twenty thousand dollar opera house. Her aim is high enough, certainly.

The Arkansas river is trying to jump its banks in Pawnee county. The situation is very uncomfortable.

Washita people are getting together and building up the town. A new telephone system is about installed.

The land office building at Woodward looks worse in a half tone than a sad house. And it is a federal building, too.

The Hobart chief is for the present county administration, though his principal stockholders are four county officials.

There was a "stag" party held at Geary recently, and the queer part about it was that there were no "dears" present, either.

Ferguson can claim equal honors with Flynn. The former was born in a log cabin that stood in the forest without any clearing, even.

Hitchcock means well but if he really wants these hoodlums cases to amount to anything he had better come to Oklahoma himself.

Here is the name of a Woodward baby: Eva Chiquita Louise Grace Marie Theresa McPherson Stine. Posterity's burden is something distressing at times.

The farmers of Payne county "chipped in" and bought a car-load of binding twine. That saves money, but what is going to become of the retail dealer?

C. E. Birch, the expert accountant, will publish his report on the accounts of Lawton. It threatens to make Miles wear a thirty-cent look in comparison.

Bill Bolton got out a book paper edition of the Woodward News, with illustrations, last week. As usual, the most prominent thing in sight is Bill (half tone).

Lawton rivals New York in her municipal troubles. The city council is now charged with breaking its platform pledges by raising its members' salaries instead of lowering them.

The question is raised in Oklahoma as to who builds bridges. The answer is, the township trustee and the road overseer or the county commissioner, depending on the size of the bridge; that is, if the law includes construction under "control."

Crying need of Cherokee from Orient: There is one thing that Cherokee needs very badly, and that is a "calaboose." One could have been used to very good advantage several times in the past two weeks. It is time a calaboose was built and a halt called on a few "rowdies" around town. The marshal will do his duty if furnished with a proper place to dump them into, where he can lock them up.

Tulaga Times: Governor S. R. Vansant, of Minnesota, is suffering from the effects of a fifty-six verse poem sent to him by Cornelius F. Davis, of Dewey county, Oklahoma. The poem is a World's Fair ode, entitled, "What 'Tave Done."

Mr. Davis desires to have the poem used throughout the state in Memorial Day exercises. The poet compares President Francis, of the St. Louis exposition, and Thomas Jefferson as follows: "They each were tall and wore red hair, blue eyes and plenty of sense. It's plain that each were chosen agents of progression and providence." President Francis' presidential boom is launched in this verse:

"In recognition of excellent work it would be just like the fates To select him as the coming man for president of the United States."

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Kansas editors had planned to go to Colorado this week.

Ed Hoch declares that life is too short to spend any of it hating people.

Topeka has held thanksgiving services. However, it would be more appropriate for the towns that have escaped to do this.

A band reunion comes off tomorrow at Inman. There will be six brass bands. Here's a treat that Ed Howe shouldn't miss.

Cowley county boasts that "Colonel Loomis" won in a race at Knid. Just as though all the Loomises weren't winners!

Galveston has shown that it doesn't forget a kind deed. The first offers of help received by Topeka were from the Gulf City.

The combine comes in pretty handy at times. The Santa Fe shops did excellent service as ship-building yards during the flood.

With about three more twisters and a couple more floods, the state won't have to worry about changing the assessment on the telephone companies.

Great Bend is considering off for its streets. It feels the necessity of some substitute for that other "liquor" which the mayor removed from the streets.

The razor must now retire into the seclusion of a shaving stand. A craps-shooter at Arkansas City wrought the revolution. He was "made" over "gun" fitted with acid on his "pard."

Lyons is very proud of its band and its capacity, but it had to acknowledge last week that the boys couldn't blow a feather-light note on the Santa Fe. With a whirled that struck the band stand.

The Brown County World means to save the postoffice department. It is demanding that the people of Brown county rent more postoffice boxes to meet the great delinquency being disclosed by Bristow.

El Dorado Republican: It was 10:30 Sunday night. His right arm rested lightly about her waist-line while in his left he held her right in a loving squeeze.

Yea, as a star-bellied snail, he rose to his feet, put on his hat and went. The neighbors say it is all off for good.

Wellington Mail: County Attorney E. E. Wilson returned from Kansas City Sunday morning on the Santa Fe. For five miles east of Holliday the train ran through water that nearly covered the car wheels.

At Holliday the water was up to the level of the depot platform. The train ran south to Ottawa and thence to Emporia. Between Emporia and Florence the whole country was inundated.

Mr. Wilson, one place they saw a man on horseback riding along a public highway. All that could be seen of the horse was his head, and his tail floating over the water.

Marion Reunited: One often hears people talk about "making a living." But did you ever ask yourself, What is making a living? Is it supplying the body with food and clothing—only the will getting by saying that "man cannot live by bread alone." "Making a living" includes more than supplying the material wants of the body. "Making a living" includes the feeding of the soul and the clothing of the mind as well as performing these necessary acts for the body. In this correct sense, reader, are you "making a living?"

Atchison Globe: Blind Charley lately found a blind girl in whom he was greatly interested. "Say," he said to a friend this morning, "what sort of a looking girl is she?" "All other leakages in the family become needed," said the companion with the big hole through which money must pour for a child's education at college. "It is possible to attend a graduating program, these days, when beating rain outside will reduce the audience of the pain of hearing what the graduates are saying."

An Atchison woman finds that all the women she ever knew or heard of who were ever married, and she adds that she doesn't wonder at it; she is married herself.

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**Geo. Innes & Co.**

"Wichita's Largest and Most Popular Store."

**TODAY SPECIAL SALE BLACK CHANTELLYS LACE GALOONS**

In widths up to 7 1/2 inches and worth up to 40 cents; sixteen hundred yards will go on sale this a. m. at 8 o'clock as values you seldom see. Today..... **12 1/2c**

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**The Special Demonstration**

Of "Warner's Rustproof Corsets" now to be seen in large window main, is in real only a part of the many demonstrations made in Wichita's favorite corset salon daily, which gives you an idea of the value and extensiveness of our styles and showing you the true reason why this department enjoys more than its share of prestige with the well gowned ladies of Wichita.

Two expert fitters. Convenient fitting rooms.

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No Dust--No Dirt--No Ashes  
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A Clean and Cool Kitchen  
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**VALENCIENNES LACES**—A new line of Valenciennes Laces, with insertings to match; these are fine edges and worth up to 25c a yard. Your choice, today..... **10c**

**HANDKERCHIEFS**—500 Dozen Ladies' Cambric Handkerchiefs, some colored borders, some hemstitched, some pure linen in the lot. Choose today..... **5c**

**MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS**—We offer today a selection of Men's Handkerchiefs, in hemstitched, colored border and plain goods; these are all good 1 1/2-2c and 15c values. Today, 3 for..... **25c**

**SUNBONNETS**—Chambray Sunbonnets with 6-inch cape, nicely refolded. Today..... **15c**

**REMNANTS**—We have accumulated a lot of Remnants, Lawns and White Goods; these run 3 to 10 yards. Buy them for **HALF PRICE TODAY.**

**TURKEY RED HANDKERCHIEFS**—Large Size, Fast Colored Turkey Red Handkerchiefs. Today, 3 for..... **10c**

**BATH TOWELS**—One Case Extra Heavy Bath Towels, size 20x36 inches; these are seconds and occasionally you will find a dropstitch; they are intrinsically worth double the money. Today..... **10c**

**BARGAINS IN NOTIONS**—50 Dozen Men's Canvas Gloves, always sell for 10c. Today..... **5c**

Boys' Suspenders, new goods. Today..... **7c**  
Nickel Plated Teaspoons, per set today..... **5c**  
Spring Scale, will weigh correctly 25 pounds. Today..... **5c**

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